Jem of Aberdeen. 3

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

BONNY BET OF ABERDEEN.

The Lass of Richmond-Hill.

The Light of the Moon.

The Unfortunate Maiden.

AND,

I do as I will with my Swain.

Licensed and Entered.

JEM OF ABERDEEN.

THE tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
and ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green,
Now o'er the grove I long to rove
wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

CHORUS.

Whene'er we ſit beneath the broom,
Or wander o'er the lee,
He 's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
Always wooing me.

He 's freſh and fair as flowers in May,
the blitheſt lad of a the green,
How ſweet the time will paſs away,
wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we ſit &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
wi' ilka ſport of glen or green,
Well pleas'd to ſhare the humble lot
of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
Whene'er we ſit, &c.

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BONNY BET OF ABERDEEN.

JUST at the cloſe of ſimmer's day,
how ſweet the blooming bloſſom bean,

So ſweet the time I paſs away,
wi' bonny Bet of Aberdeen.

CHORUS.

Whene'er I ſit beneath the ſhade,
or wander o'er the lee,
To meet the charming village maid,
that kindly ſmiles on me.

She's freſh and fair as the violet roſe,
the blitheſt laſs that ſports the green,
I'll follow her where'er ſhe goes,
O bonny Bet of Aberdeen.
Whene'er I ſit, &c.

She vows ſhe loves but me alone,
and I believe her ſparkling e'en;
I long for to unite in one,
wi' bonny Bet of Aberdeen.
Whene'er I ſit, &c.

Our wedding day we'll crown wi' joy,
while nymphs and ſwains dance on the green,
And I ſhall be a happy boy,
when bleſt wi' Bet of Aberdeen.
Whene'er I ſit, &c.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND-HILL.

ON Richmond-hill there lives a laſs,
more bright than May-day morn,

Whoſe charms all other maids ſurpaſs,
a roſe without a thorn.

CHORUS.

This laſs ſo neat, with ſmiles ſo ſweet,
has won my right good will,
I'd crowns reſign to call her mine,
ſweet laſs of Richmond-hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
and wanton thro' the grove,
O whiſper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

How happy will the ſhepherd be
who calls this nymph his own;
O may her choice be fix'd on me,
mine's fix'd on her alone.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE day is departed around from th
clouds,
the moon in her beauty appears,
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
the muſic of love in our ears;
Maria appears, now the ſeaſon is ſweet,
with the beat of the heart is in tune.

The time is ſo tender for lovers to meet,
alone by the light of the moon.
I cannot when preſent unfold what I feel,
I ſigh, can a lover do more?
Her name to the ſhepherds I never reveal,
yet I think of her all the day o'er;
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
do you ſigh for an interview ſoon,
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
alone by the light of the moon?
Your name from the ſhepherds whenever I hear,
my boſom is all in a glow,
Your voice when it vibrates ſo ſweet thro' my ear,
my heart thrills, my eyes overflow;
Ye pow'rs of the ſky, will your bounty divine
indulge a fond lover his boon,
Shall heart ſpring to heart, and Maria be mine
alone by the light of the moon.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring,
with hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
all on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring billows
ſhe caſt a wiſhful look,

Her head was crown'd with willows,
that trembled o'er the brook.
Twelve months were gone and over,
and nine long tedious days,
Why did you, ventr'ous lover,
why did you croſs the ſeas?

Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean,
and let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled moſion
to that within my breaſt.

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
views tempeſts with deſpair,
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
to the loſing of my dear.

Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
where gold and diamonds grow,
You may find a richer maiden,
but none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water,
do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes theſe rocks diſcover,
that are beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
and leave the maid to weep.

Oh Neptune, cruel Neptune!
why was you then ſo croſs,
As to agree with fortune
in this my woeful loſs?
Why didſt not ſend thy Triton,
to check the boiſterous waves,
That him whom I did doat on,
might yet have happy days.
All melancholy lying,
ſhe grieved for her dear,
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
his floating corps ſhe ſpy'd,
Then like a lily drooping,
ſhe bow'd her head and dy'd.

I DO AS I WILL WITH MY SWAIN.

I Do as I will with my ſwain,
he never once thinks I am wrong,
He likes none ſo well on the plain,
I pleaſe him ſo well with my ſong.
A ſong is the ſhepherd's delight,
he hears me with joy all the day,
He's ſorry when comes the dull night,
that haſtens the end of my lay.

With ſpleen and with care ſore oppreſt,
he aſk'd me to ſooth him the while,
My voice ſets his mind all at reſt,
and the ſhepherd would inſtantly ſmile.

Since when, or in mead or in grove,
by his flocks, or the clear river's ſide,
I ſing my beſt ſongs to my love,
and to charm him is grow'n all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
no treaſure of nature or art,
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,
ſoon found out the way to his heart.

To try if that voice would not pleaſe,
he took me to join the gay throng,
I won the rich prize with all eaſe,
and my fame's gone abroad with my ſong.

But let me not jealouſy raiſe,
I wiſh to enchant but my ſwain,
Enough then for me is his praiſe,
I ſing but for him the lov'd ſtrain.

When youth, wealth, and beauty, may fail,
and your ſhepherds elude all your ſkill,
Your ſweetneſs and ſong may prevail,
and gain all your ſwains to your will.

F I N I S.

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